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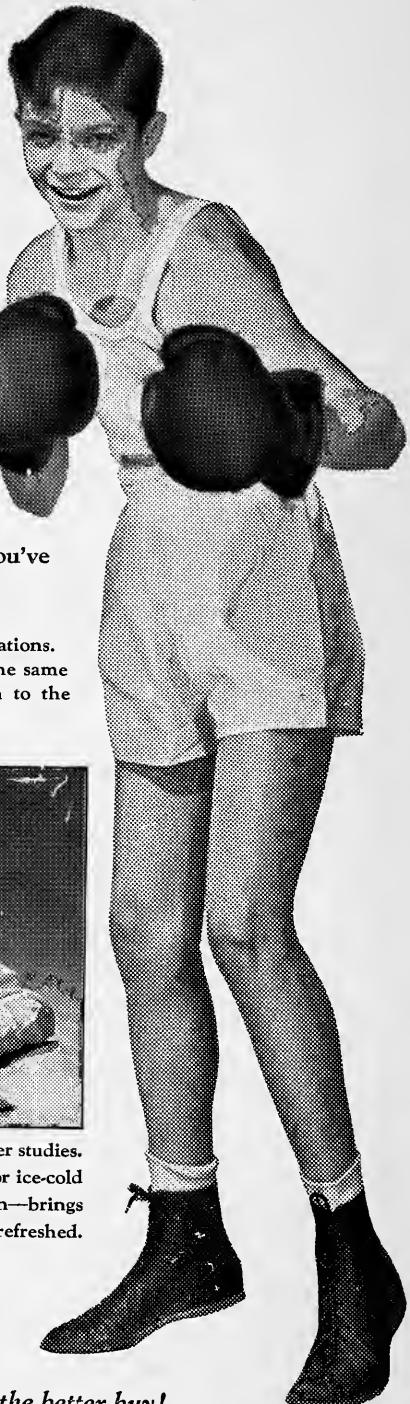
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The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

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Over the Editor's Shoulder . . .

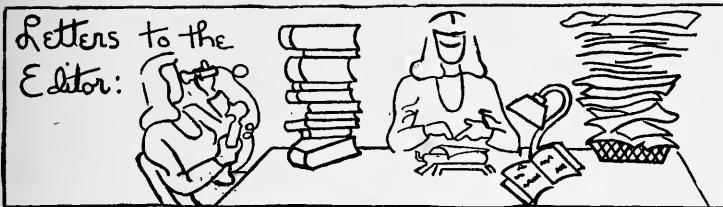


Courtesy of
HEFS.MOC.P



I'll take Esso Extra, please.

Heigh-ho . . . and a Happy New Year to you, too! For though the year is already a month along its way and we're still having a tough time disentangling the mistletoe from our hair, it's still not too late to hope that the following resolutions (take 'em or leave 'em) we have so painstakingly set forth as our Aim, Goal, or what have you for the year will wend their way into your own private little list. Said resolutions we have certified and filed as Absolutely Unbreakable, so without further ado, Gentle Reader, we present: RESOLVED --- No. 1. . . To call a halt in the non-stop race to make oneself up to look like Veronica Lake, Hedy Lamarr, or Lana Turner. Of course, the college imposes no law against it, but it's the general verdict that no one succeeds too well No. 2 . . . To stick to a sensible diet instead of the coke-nab-candy type. Statistics prove that the average college girl consumes approximately 60 quarts of Coca-Cola per school year, 1080 nabs, 12 pounds of candy, 30,000 gallons of high octane gasoline, 25 tons of crushed sand and gravel we beg your pardon! We've somehow shuffled the statistics and come out with the Report on the Virginia Highway Dep't for 1932 No. 3. . . To dispense with popular ideas that college is a refuge from war, pestilence, domestic upheaval, trips to the corner drug for Aunt Minnie's liver tonic, double features, and doing the dishes. It's all that, but for lack of space and further information we refer you to the Catalogue No. 4. . . And this is our own personal resolution to you—we promise to bring to you the cream of this year's crop of stories, features, articles, and illustrations. We may turn gray in the effort; we may lose our Girlish Laughter; and (oh horrible thought) we may even end up in the H. F. F. S. M. O. C. P. (short for Home for Frustrated Staff Members of College Publications); but never let it be said that we DID NOT TRY. . . . On the assumption that Something Different in reading matter has a definite appeal, we give you in this issue Jeanne Strick's handwriting analysis. . . . Harriet Dowdy's story of strange coincidence.. . . and Mary Lou Dondley's recipe for HOW to do the oddest things (the wrong way!).... . The Underwood has begun to creak and groan which is a sure sign that this must come to a close . . . but before we shut up shop 'till next time, a reminder: WRITE FOR THE COLONNADE.....



Address all letters to:
The Editor of *The Colonnade*
Box 15, S. T. C.
Farmville, Virginia
Or drop them in
The Colonnade Box

Farmville, Virginia
October 26, 1943

Dear Editor,

Another school year has begun in a world of war, and it seems to me that we, college students of 1943, should stop often to realize just what this means. Perhaps you say, "We do." Yes—but are we doing all we can about it? Once again I feel that we should all be reminded of the many advantages here in our college of which we should avail ourselves and don't. Don't you feel that it's our duty? I think that it is one of our important jobs in this war, for we are to be the citizens of peace-time tomorrow, and we all agree that we shall need to be broader-minded women.

May I list several advantages found here of which we might well make beneficial use? First of all, I should like to see every student who is a member of organizations here actively participate in their many worthwhile activities. So often we are just part of the groups rather than active members.

Our library offers more advantages by far than the average library of a school of this size. Are you using the many valuable reserve and reference books as much as you should; are you reading the material in the superior selection of current magazines found there; have you found the new vertical file; and do you ever take time to do any research work in the stocks?

I wonder how many students here really know all of the faculty members? They are all eager to know you, and they would like for you to visit them and tell them about yourselves. Let's see if each of us can know every teacher by the end of the year.

There are many elective courses here which might easily have larger enrollments. Are you taking one?

Few of us take advantage of one of the most fundamental practices during wartimes; that is, we do not keep physically fit by observing regular habits each day. Remind yourself of this the next time you are trying to decide to stay up all night.

Within the community there are many opportunities for service which students find advantageous. More of us need to take active parts in church work, Red Cross work, and U. S. O. work.

If we do, we will find that it is an excellent way to meet fine people and to take part in intellectual discussions.

Many of these suggestions have been made before, but they need to be stressed. With very little effort we can help bring victory to America and peace to the world. Let's enjoy our advantages and at the same time become broader-minded young women.

Most sincerely,
Mary Franklin Woodward

Dear Editor,

I want to take this opportunity to congratulate you and the staffs of the other publications on this campus for keeping up your high standard of writing during this war crisis. In so many schools and colleges circumstances have forced the discontinuation of all or part of the publications for the duration, and in many others where the publications have been continued the standard has been lowered.

It is a temptation to follow suit, for any staff is working under great strain and under many difficulties now. Curricula have been accelerated, students are leaving school, many schools have been taken over by the armed forces. These and many other uncontrollable circumstances add to the pressure on each and every student. It is, then, even more to your credit that you have not yielded.

We in this college are most fortunate in being able to continue our publications. And because we have this opportunity, it is our duty to keep up high standards. In wartime, more than in any other time, college students need an outlet for their writings, need an incentive to keep them on a high level. Such an outlet, such an incentive is provided by our *COLONNADE*. It would be easier, perhaps, to let this standard drop, but then the magazine would fail to meet the purposes for which it was begun, namely, to stimulate a higher type of writing by college students. In the past, the *COLONNADE* has fulfilled this purpose, and I congratulate the staff.

Sincerely,
A JUNIOR



The Carv

"I have a feeling—" said the plane flying high over enemy territory. The pilot's face was eager and young and handsome.

One of his motors had been shot down and he was alone in the sky. He had separated from his squadron after he completed their mission that morning. His right wing, too, was shot up rather badly. His plane being damaged, he had been unable to keep up with his group. But the fact that his plane was alone did not dampen the young pilot's spirits in the least. Instead, it was wine in his blood that was strong and hot, for he hoped to bring down Nazi planes on his own and thus add to his personal score.

Suddenly from the corner of his eye he saw eight Focke-Wulfs sneak out from behind a white cloud to his right. There was a brief battle while it lasted. Three of the planes went down in smoke, and the other five turned tail. They would not return. They were more shot up, even though the L'Oiseau Blanche was crippled beyond repair and could not stay up much longer.

The pilot felt his score had been

*I have a story to tell
Of a carved box and an orange
shell.*

—HARRIETT DOWDY

K and the Orange Shell

is it—if I have to tell the good old
goodbye now”—he pressed the
button as he felt the ship's strength
away. Her heart was beating slow
The crew would bail out and land
—prisoners. But he must stay with
eau Blanche a while longer.

neuvering the crippled plane, he saw
the German plane in the clouds ahead.
was his chance. He knew that he would
anyway—so why not kill a German
the same time? It was not suicide; it
merely plain American common sense
reasoning.

oming above the plane, he dived with
ast fearful spurt of energy. There in
ir the world seemed to split asunder.
a terrible impact, metal met metal—
and death and metal and fire were
in one grand finale. Pieces fell away
own to the earth.

fore the pilot had crashed into the
plane, he had said “Goodbye,
he—goodbye, my—.”

eau Blanche and the young pilot
a clearing in a black German forest.

The two had lived life fully; now they
rested in peace.

White ashes in a German forest were all
that was left. The wind blew gently through
the great trees and some of the white ashes
were sifted onto the nearby green moss. A
deer, treading the ground softly, approached
the spot. It smelled the ashes with its
delicate velvet nose, and looked with liquid
eyes at the white and gray ashes.

* * *

The girl was beautiful. She walked along
a path twisting to the sea. The sky overhead
was blue and brilliant; the air brisk and
tingling, with the smell of salt spray. The
wind played a game in the girl's long hair
and flashed her skirts about her slim,
strong legs. Vibrancy and youth and eagerness
were in her walk. The world about her
sang. Music moved over the countryside.
Tall weeds beside the path moved gently
and cast weaving slim patterns of dark
shadows on the ground before them. There
were brilliant bursts of flowers here and
there: the world was filled with loveliness.

The sun was not far from the horizon

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You In a Word

JEANNE STRICK

this is the way they talk to me

Continuous state of tenseness—temperamental, imagination

This is the way they

Aggressive—quick tempered—acts before he thinks

Did you say that you

Emotional—good humor—generous nature

This is the way they

Willful, practical, moody

Are you going to

Romantic spirit—self reliant

YOU have often heard the adage, "Your actions speak so loud I can't hear what you are saying." This same principle holds true for me in a different realm of expression. When I see *longhand script*, the letters immediately become alive, revealing the personality of the writer. They are animated indicators of someone's personal qualities. Though I would not have you think the letter formations and relative technicalities hold all my attention. What the writer actually says with his wording is representative of his ideas, which are certainly more profound indications of his character than the way he writes. But the fun comes when you correlate the type of person as seen in what he says and what his letters say about him.

The main styles of writing may be divided as follows:

- I.—Thread style—psychologically unstable.
- II.—Angular style—willfulness, continuous state of tenseness.
- III.—Rounded style—warm, romantic spirit.

While the slope of the letters may be also divided into three groups:

- I.—Forward slope—pliable, emotional, spontaneous affectionate nature.
- II.—Vertical slope—quick tempered, more emotional.
- III.—Back hand slope—discreet, prudential, self-reliant, far-sighted, cautious.

Of course you are not going to find a type of writing that will correspond perfectly with any of the various groupings. Common sense will tell you that if the writing is not definitely back hand, and slightly angular, the person will have the qualities of the back hand-angular characteristics.

The next things to look for give more distinction to the various types:

- SIZE I.—Small letters—mental type, book lovers, students, scientific writers, people who concentrate well.
- II.—Large letters—expansive nature, difficulty with details.
- III.—Very large letters—imagination, inability to concentrate.
- IV.—Good proportions—good humor and balance.

- PRESSURE I.—Light—receptivity.
 - a.—Delicate and even—fine, idealistic, forceful nature.
 - b.—Wavy in pressure—changeability and lack of motive.
- II.—Heavy—practical and materialistic.
 - a.—Very heavy—aggressive, love of lucre.
 - b.—Heavy, but finely made letter forms—temperamental.

In the samples at the right you will find examples of all or the aforementioned characteristics. Figure yours out carefully and get to know yourself!

We'll Meet Again

Third Prize in Short Story Contest

MARY WATKINS

ELLEN HOWELL stood on the corner of Third and Main. She was not a beautiful girl, in fact she didn't stand out among the others at all. But she was pretty, and there was something about her that made you think, "Now, here's a nice girl, one with brains," and then, "kinda' pretty, too." But evidently the policeman she was talking to wasn't thinking that just then.

"But lady," he stormed, "how in the world do you expect me to find your bag when you don't even remember when you had it last?" His last words were uttered a little loud and the crowd was beginning to gather the way they do when a policeman is talking to someone on the corner of Third and Main. Ellen's face was turning from a light pink to a deep vermillion.

"Well, that's all right, officer. I'm sorry I bothered you. I'm sure it will turn up."

Muffled giggles and sarcastic, "Imagine!" were coming from the crowd and Ellen felt the color go from her cheeks to her throat.

"But if you insist, lady!" the policeman was practically screaming at Ellen.

"Please just forget the matter, officer. I must have misplaced it myself. Thank you!" and Ellen shouldered her way through the crowd and started walking down the street as fast as she could.

"Pardon me, Miss, but could this be your stolen bag?"

Ellen turned on her heels, startled at the voice, and came face to face with a tall, blond soldier with silver bars on his shoulders.

"Oh, why yes, that's mine. But where did you get it please? I was sure I had it just a minute ago. Why, I - - -"

Ellen stopped because the soldier was standing there with his blond head thrown back, laughing!

"Well, what's so funny? Really I don't see . . ."

"I'm sorry, Miss, but you were so funny standing there as if you wanted to slide down in your shoes, with that cop yelling at you as if you had robbed the bank. I just couldn't interrupt it. You see, you left this at the glove counter in Dalton's, and when I caught up with you, you were in the midst of the mob. Say, let's go across there and have a coke while you cool off. You're still as red as a beet, you know." It seemed that he said this all in one breath and his face was still all cracked up in a grin. Ellen thought, "Well, I can't see that it's that amusing," but then she began to laugh.

"Well - - -"

Before she could say any more he had her arm and was guiding her across the street.

"I'm Tom Jason from Memphis," he was saying. Ellen had introduced herself and they were talking like old friends. "I've been in the

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WARTIME

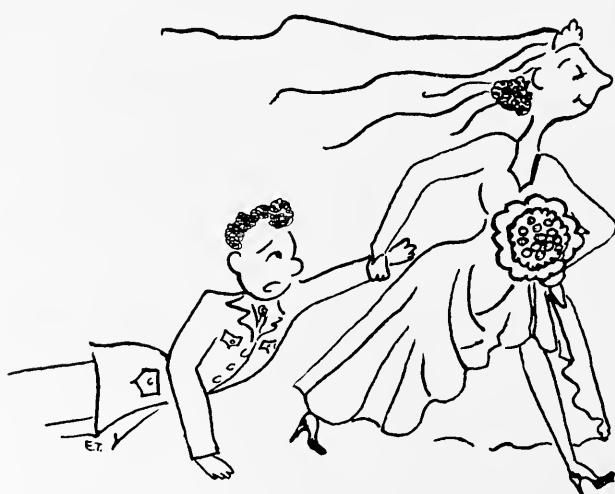
Yes!

ELIZABETH GOODWIN
and
LUCILLE WINSTON

LET'S get this straight—when I chant about war marriages, I don't mean marriages because of the crises that war perpetuates but *in spite* of it. I'm not going to insult the intelligence of college girls by defining war marriages as those brainless "met you last week—marry you next week" affairs. I'm taking for granted that girls mature enough to face their problems squarely are capable of making theirs a successful war marriage. I'm referring to marriage between two people who are sincerely and finally in love, whose problem is whether to marry now or wait until the war is over to start life together in a normal situation. Do you really think that the declaration of peace "when the boys come home" will return things to normalcy? I should like to press the point that our country will not be free of this hectic chaos for years after the dive bombers have ceased their screaming destruction of man.

Why should war stop marriages? Are you waiting until it is over to begin life—or are you living now? Do you think God intended for love, happiness and the perpetuation of life to stop, because of man's inhumanity to man? Are we to destroy the institution we are fighting for in the fighting? To you, personally, marriage is the most important single event in your life—why push it aside?

Test yourself and if you are enough in love with someone to answer these questions in the affirmative you are big enough within yourself to marry him now. Are you sincerely in love? Do you admire and respect the man you love? Do you look up to him? Do you trust him? Can you answer with surety the vows of the sacred wedding ceremony? Are you generous enough to be satisfied without all the little niceties of which a war wedding deprives you? Do you have the unselfishness, breadth of understanding and stamina to be a war wife? Do you have the courage to face the fact that you may be a war widow with confidence that what you know of love in all its brevity was worth the price you have to pay for it?



Then let us consider "him". Now I'm not preaching "marry the Army to keep up the morale" but there is a point there. The fighting man who has a wife at home is fighting for something personal. Of course, he has all of those beautiful theories of freedom that the single man has, but to him it's something tangible. Something that he lives every minute while he's fighting.

—Culmination—if you would have married him in peace time don't let the war or your own selfishness stop you now. Listen gal—if you love your man enough, marry the guy! It's leap year!

MARRIAGES

RUTH DUGGER
and
JANE SMITH

No!

MARRY me tomorrow and be my wife 'til I go to sea. There may never be a tomorrow but today is ours—and so on, the same or some equally romantic variation into the ears of our generation. I solemnly implore any who might be tempted to take the fatal step to stop, count to a thousand, and reconsider. The reasons in the form of case histories are here presented for your imagination to prove plausibly the inadvisability of wartime P. O. E. matrimony.

First, suppose you are the little pre P. O. E. bride who married the boy next door who now resides in England, Africa or Australia. Crowding the tomorrow you have been dreaming of since you were six into a few short weeks or months means nursing the feeling of security that is supposed to be the backbone of marriage. You will have traded your freedom for a security that doesn't exist. You are left without a husband, yet excluded by custom from dating anyone else. Then one day boredom nudges you into dating that nice young man who works at the desk opposite yours at the office. Down on your head comes the whispered, or otherwise, criticism of the three gossips across the street. Someone should tell dear G. I. Joe that his little wife is stepping out on him. And so the scene shifts to G. I. Joe himself wherever he may be, but anyway, far from the loving wife who is getting darn tired of waiting every day. On the post is a staff of Army nurses, not bad, in fact not bad at all. You know the story.

And next in line for inspection is the starry-eyed war bride who married Air Corps Al stationed at the home town air base. She didn't know his family but she loved him, so why worry about that. No, the twins weren't chocolate colored but Al wrote it would be nice for her to hop out to Oklahoma and see the folks and she found herself in the home of people she could neither love nor even understand. The man she married wasn't anything like them at all. But then she had only known him a month.

* * * *

Anyone who has been to Blackstone will agree that army towns are no place to be if you can help it. Places in which to live are scarcer than hens' teeth. In order to be near their best loves, war wives crowd the already overcrowded transportation systems. The constant going back and forth between home and husband when he goes on bivouac takes up vitally needed seats of soldiers and sailors. The moral is keep the home fires burning in your singular state.

Last, but by no means least, is the fact that people change. You, yourself, and the lad across the seas. This war is entirely different from yours even if



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Mail Call

Excerpts taken from the letters of the boys overseas

A Norwegian sailor describes the Aurora Borealis . . .

"The knoll upon which we sat afforded us the most beautiful view God has ever created. I do not feel competent to describe what I saw, but I shall try:—We were on a field of deep green with the town directly below us wreathed in her blossoms; the fjord with its blueness gave a startling contrast and a half a mile away could be seen a strip of green, changing abruptly, into gray, as if drawn by a ruler, with the jagged white of everlasting snow piercing the sky. As if jealous of the colors of the earth, the sky was turning out every shade of red, purple and gold one could imagine, and the sun itself was rolling into a vermillion ball of fire into the sea right to our right. Even today, I can close my eyes and see that myriad of color which no man can duplicate by word or hand. To really know what I mean, you must see it. There's no other way. I hope I have given you some idea of what I saw that night—yes, it was night—sunset in May in that latitude is at about midnight. It was with deep regret that I left Molde. She, too, has been bombed unmercifully by Germans. The white little homes are now blackened ruins and the apple orchards are but dead trees pointing stark, naked fingers to heaven as if in appeal to God to once more give them life that they may help show His handiwork on earth."

* * * *

An Army officer stationed in England visits Edinburgh, Scotland . . .

We left King's Cross Station in London and after an eight and a half hour ride, (through typical green, hilly, brooky, woody and often cloudy English countryside, which isn't bad) arrived in Ye Old Towne of Edinburgh in the historic land of the Scots. It was twilight when I ploughed along the main street, called Princess in true British style. A goodly woman approached me and most helpfully inquired, "Air ye lookin' farr

the Amerriican Hostel?" She was full of smiles and rolled r's. So after I got my bearings from her. I proceeded to the nice old Caledonian Hotel where I had a reservation, and luckily so, for that town is so full up that it made me think of London. But nothing else is like London. The place is a sort of a tourist town with travelers coming in hordes to spend their money and see the historic sights. And most people do for there is nothing to do at night, so early to bed and up early in the morning to sightsee. However, in spite of the whole American Army, British Army and Navy, Dutch, Polish and French Navies making Edinburgh their favorite spending spot, the prices are still moderate enough . . . which is quite a difference from London and other Southern cities. Edinburgh in normal times, I guess, would have a population of about 300,000 but with the continual flow of uniforms it is upped about 75 to 100 thousand. But don't get my statement wrong, for it is not a war town. The people live a fairly normal life . . . work their farms, distilleries, and offices quite the same as usual. And it seemed as if there were still plenty of men there, for those Scots in the service were around by the hundreds—skirts, sticks, and accents!

Naturally everybody pays a visit to the Castle. That is one old job! It dates back to the time of William the Conqueror, being added to every century or so, being demolished by enemies, and being changed by each new ruler. The Castle is now used as a hospital and there were quite a few guards around. The situation, geographically, of the Castle is really neat. The Firth of Fourth is only about four miles away and there is a gradual upslope until there is one terrific rise in terrain and up comes the Castle. It is surrounded by old walls and is 850 feet above sea level which makes it a good place from which to push huge boulders and throw spears. Then there is

Continued on Page 26

To Midnight

BETTY DEUEL COCK

Who named you?
I see you as a frisky colt,
Gamboling in the pasture-field,
Black and glistening in the sun,
Tossing your head,
Nipping your mother's heels
Gleefully.
What child leaned
Over a fence toward you
In exhilaration
And shouted, "Dad
"He's black as midnight!"?

Or what girl

Rubbed your "velvy" baby nose
And saw in the white mark above—
A star against the field of bluish-black,
And was reminded
Of a night that she had loved
As she loved you
Tenderly
And said, "I'll call him 'Midnight'."?

Or were you

Named, not for your color,
But for the hour at which your mother chose
To give you to this world
Of grass and clover,
Presenting you,
Despite your gawky legs and slender frailness,
Proudly
To the humans there who cared?

I meet you as a full-grown horse;
Admire your spirit,
Love your gaits, your youthful personality.

Who named you?

What does it matter?

Had you belonged to me from
That first hour of your colt-hood,
I, too, would surely have compared you
To the blackest sparkling hour
And called you
Midnight.



THE telephone was ringing furiously as Martha stepped into the house. She hurried toward it, holding a protective hand on her newly waved hair.

"Hello, this is she. Oh, hello, Mrs. Fowkes. How are the children? That's good. What? What's that again? You are going to the General's Ball tonight and you want me to stay with the children? You did say tonight, didn't you?" Martha's voice faltered as she considered the fact that tonight was Saturday, and that meant choir practice and the young Reverend Townsend.

She reconsidered and added hastily, "I'll be glad to help you, Mrs. Fowkes. You say you want me there by five o'clock? All right, then. Goodbye."

Martha ran up the stairs, blinded by the tears that welled up in her eyes. She pushed open the door to her room, crossed to the mirror, and vigorously began to comb through her soft, shining waves. Suddenly she dropped the comb and eyed her reflection.

"You selfish devil! Standing there crying for yourself, and you expect to become a minister's wife." Her words were filled with contempt.

But as if to console herself, she added, "You'll see Reverend Townsend in church tomorrow. I know it's not the same as seeing him at choir practice, but you'll see him. That's more than Mrs. Fowkes will see of her husband, if you don't keep her children. The army is moving him tomorrow."

A quick glance at her watch showed that she had exactly forty-five minutes before she went on duty. She undressed hur-



riedly, remarking, "These clothes will never do. I'll have to put on that old faded blue skirt and sweater set. Those kids really tear you apart." As she stood up from tying her colorless saddle oxfords, Martha caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. "Well, Raggedy Ann, you won't want to see any ministers this night!"

As Martha entered the crowded apartment, cries from the children and Mrs. Fowkes' pleading voice reached her, "Now, Gordy, please let Mother get dressed. Joan! Oh dear, there goes my new perfume." Martha looked in the bedroom to see Mrs. Fowkes cleaning up the spilled perfume, while trying to disentangle her swishing skirts from Gordy.

The children, seeing Martha standing in the doorway, immediately flew to her and dragged her into the room.

"Goodness, I'm glad to see you," Mrs. Fowkes breathed, as she stood up. Noting that the children had become interested in drawing pictures for Martha, Mrs. Fowkes whispered, "I haven't had time to prepare them any supper. So I am afraid you will have to take them to the Inn. That is probably better, anyway; then they won't see me leave."

The children watched their mother give Martha some money from her purse. They became inquisitive and ran toward the girl. Martha, grasping her chance to get them away, held out the crumpled bills and inquired, "Do you know what this is for? Well, we're going out to supper tonight. Would you like that?"

Watching their excitement, Martha sighed, "Lord, I hope they don't serve spaghetti." Mrs. Fowkes sent a warning glance

Continued on Page 25

AND HOW



MARY LOU DONDLEY

How to Get A On Speech



How to Get to Class On Time



How to Simplify Accounting



How to Apple-polish



How to Explain the Lost Geography Paper

Sparkling Speech

She's a barmaid—she only dates officers.

A snake in evening clothing.

My alarm clock screamed an unwelcome "good morning", and in spite of two slippers smack in its face, it kept up its agonizing wails.

What a man! I don't know his classification, but he looks like he'd sit on his haunches and howl at the moon.

A bird in hand may be worth two in the bush, but I'll have a double order of both—thank you!

She wears those wings like they're part of her anatomy.

She is as generous with her men as she is with her nylons!

Liz Goodwin

If he expects to get anywhere with her he'd better put a ring on her nose.

—CAROLYN HAYSLETT

She has a busy sign on him.

I could live on crackers and water for a month and I'd still have a built in beauty rest.

Everything she says comes out in italics!

She has a collection of G. I. buttons, bars, wings, and medals that would make a scrap-drive fanatic drool at the mouth.

Liz Goodwin

The most romantic, and yet the most tragic spot in the world—an army camp.

—MADALINE AYERS

When she finished talking, there was enough hot air around to heat the Empire State Building.

—MARY WILLIAM CALVERT

He danced like a cat in paper shoes—can you imagine it?

—MARTHA ANNE UPSHUR

By the time she was ready to leave—ten mouths were set for perpetual motion.

—SHIRLEY EASTERLY

I wonder whether the "Man-in-the-Moon" feels slighted these war-time nights.

—GLORIA SHEPPARD

I studied shorthand so long that I even said my prayers in shorthand.

—MARY WILLIAM CALVERT

Somewhere during her life she has been given an overdose of the "You-certainly-are-cute" medicine.

—BETSY CORR

Next to Reading a Good Poem Is Writing One . . .

Late Night

LOIS WEBSTER ALPHIN

Who has not felt the silence of the night
That lingers last before the break of dawn—
A quiet time of mystery and power!
'Mid quivering shadows cast by stars hung
 low
Above dark hemlock trees and leafless,
 barren oaks,
The creatures of the night have wandered
 home
To sleep through all the noise and toil of
 day.
A distant cry now lifts in lonely song,
Now fades away, as if the cricket, too,
Has felt a Presence near and hushed in awe.
This is the hour when silence rules
 supreme,
And only God would dare to break the spell.

Who Loves Not a Mountain?

SARA DAILEY MOLING

The great hills rise in lordly majesty,
And yet about small dwellings at their feet
They stretch their giant arms caressingly.
Through mountains carved by nature race
 those fleet
Resurging streams that whisper in delight,
Or gaily toss themselves down stone-banked
 falls.
Deep mystery of everlasting night
Sighs through the sunless woods; sometimes
 there sprawls
A mirroring lake, or myriad glistening
 flowers
That blanket wantonly the upland sod . . .
From sloping grasslands to dim snow-cap-
 ped towers,
All mountains echo with the Voice of God.

Carrier Girl

ISABEL SAMPSON

Freedom mine—to live, to dress
As I please; and I confess
Each sweet inch of home's my own.
No male occupies *my* throne!
I can choose my friends, my books—
Spend my dough to keep my looks.
O, I scorn the harassed wives
Leading man-ruled, worried lives.
Would I trade it, if I could,
For a man? *You bet I would!*

MAS CRACKS

HELEN MCGUIRE

THE SAME OLD STORY

Telephone rings.
 "Hello."
 "Hello, that you Abe?"
 "Yes, dis is Abe."
 "Vell, it don't sound like Abe."
 "Vell, dis is Abe all right."
 "You're positive it's Abe?"
 "Ab-so-lutely! Vat do you vant?"
 "Vell, listen Abie, dis is Moe. Can you lend me feety dollars?"
 "Ven Abe comes in I'll tell him you called."

—The Tattler

*

A jockey who won the Kentucky Derby says he did it by whispering into the horse's ear,

Roses are red.
 Violets are blue.
 Horses what lose
 Are made into glue.

*

By the way, did you know that:

1. Women are wearing the same things in shoes this year.
2. A bird in the hand is bad table manners.
3. The best way to catch a rabbit is to hide behind a tree and make a noise like a carrot.

*

FOR SALE:

A violin, by a young man in good condition except for a loose peg in the head.

*

The rascallion Charlie McCarthy thought up what we believe is the perfect compliment. He says:

"Everyday you grow lovelier and lovelier; and today you look like tomorrow."

Smooth, yes?

A BIT OF ADVICE:

When you get into hot water, be nonchalant—take a bath!

*

Fond mother: "Genevieve is so bright, only 12 years old, and she is studying French and algebra. Say good morning to Mrs. Perkins in algebra, Genevieve."

*

The despondent old gentleman emerged from his club and climbed stiffly into his luxurious limousine.

"Where to?" asked the driver respectfully.

"Drive off the cliff, Robert," he announced. "I'm committing suicide."

*

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS

Element—Woman

Occurrence—Found wherever man existed. Seldom in a free state, with few exceptions in the combined state.

Physical Properties—All colors, shape and sizes and ages. Usually in disguised condition. Face covered with a film of composite material. Boo hoos at nothing and may freeze at any moment; however, melts when properly treated. Very bitter if not well used.

Chemical Properties—Very active. Possesses a great affinity for gold, silver, platinum, precious stones or anything of value. Violent reaction when left alone. Undissolved by liquids, but activity greatly stimulated when treated with spirits solution. Sometimes yields to pressure. Ages very rapidly, usually getting into permanently enlarged state. Fresh variety has great magnetic attraction.

Caution—Highly explosive when in inexperienced hands.

—The Range Finder

MAC'S CRACKS

THREE BRANCHES OF THE ARMY

Army Ground Forces: "Hello girls, you wouldn't care to go with us, would you?"

Army Service Forces: "Hello girls, you'll go with us, won't you?"

Army Air Forces: "Hello girls, where are we going?"

*

Where there's a will there's a way. A way is a means. To be mean is to be nasty. Relatives are often nasty. Therefore, where there's a will, there are relatives.

*

She: "Would you like to see where I was operated on for appendicitis?"

He: "No—I hate hospitals."

—Arizona Contact

*

Sgt: "What makes you think they are male mosquitoes?"

She: "They won't leave my legs alone."

—Bombay

*

A GOOD ANSWER

Two men were hotly discussing the merits of a book. Finally one of them, himself an author, said to the other: "No, John, you can't appreciate it. You never wrote a book yourself." "No," retorted John, "and I never laid an egg, but I'm a better judge of an omelet than any hen in the State."

—Publisher and Retailer

*

S-S-S-SIMPLY S-S-S-SAYING

One of the ushers approached a man who appeared to be annoying those about him.

"Don't you like the show?"

"Yes indeed!"

"Then why do you persist in hissing the performers?"

"Why, m'man alive. I w-wasn't h-hissing.

I w-was s-s-s-simply s-s-s-saying to S-s-s-sam-mie that the s-s-s-singing is s-s-s-superb."

—Clover

*

Five times the beautiful woman stared invitingly at the man sitting in the lobby of the hotel. Then growing bolder she approached him. "Hello," she said, smiling sweetly.

"Don't bother me, madam," he replied brusquely. "Liquor is my weakness."

—Fort Niagara Drum

*

A girl who wears a cotton stocking
Need never give her door a locking
A girl who chooses other makes,
Gets all the runs and all the breaks

—A Communiqué

*

"OUR OWN LITTLE LUCIFER"

Poor Lucifer was so absent-minded that we wired his commanding officer for a two weeks extension on his A. W. O. L.

*

PERFECTLY OUTRAGEOUS

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam call her wo-man.
But when she woo'd with love so kind,
He then pronounced it woo-man.
But now with folly and with pride,—
Their husbands' pockets brimming,—
The ladies are so full of whims
That people call them whim-men.

—Cornell Widow

Wartime Marriages

Continued from Page 9

he is not in actual combat zones. He changes according to his surroundings, you according to yours. The "Hallelujah Day" may be a sad day if you discover you are married to a total stranger, one who thinks differently and acts differently.

So, my pretty maid, don't be led along by a guy who is trying to cram a lifetime into a few hours. Life will go on after the Axis falls. Matrimony is a very serious and definite step. Watch yours.

They Are Reading . . .

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, PLANTER—
STATESMAN OF THE DEEP SOUTH

GEORGE COLEMAN OSBORN, *Louisiana State University Press*, 1943, pp. IX, 501, \$3.00

JOHN Sharp Williams carried over into the twentieth century a noble statesmanship which is supposed to have died with the Old South. He was the son of a Confederate colonel killed at Shiloh, was educated at Heidelberg and Charlottesville, and began his career as the master of broad acres in the Mississippi Black Belt. As traditional with the Southern gentleman he entered politics, becoming a Mississippi congressman. As Democratic floor leader he distinguished himself as a champion of agrarian interests and as the master of a repartee reminiscent of John Randolph, of Roanoke. Later as a senator, Williams championed the measures of his dear friend, Woodrow Wilson. When the Senate repudiated the Wilson plan for world order, Williams, with chivalric disgust, quit public life, declaring, "I'd rather be a hound dog and bay at the moon from my Mississippi plantation than remain in the United States Senate." He retired to listen to the Mississippi mockingbird.

Mr. Osborn tells the story of Williams' life clearly and fully, availing himself of such of Williams' letters as that erratic statesman did not destroy. The portrait of a high-toned and interesting Southerner emerges, but the critical reader wishes the biographer had probed deeper into the Mississippi environment. He misses an explanation of how Williams got to be what he was.

—FRANCIS B. SIMKINS

THE TENNESSEE VALLEY AUTHORITY—A STUDY IN PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION

C. H. PRITCHETT, *The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill*, 1943, \$3.50

THE Muscle Shoals development was a forerunner of the Tennessee Valley

Authority, which was created by Congress on May 18, 1933. This unique government agency is now recognized as one of the world's greatest projects for the conservation of soil resources, power development, dam building, and regional planning. Consisting of twenty-eight dams located upon a water shed of forty thousand square miles, this project is operated for one purpose—"to make the flow of rivers and its tributaries do a maximum of good and a minimum of harm."

The Tennessee Valley Authority was not created without opposition. The protest was taken to court, but the T. V. A. was victorious. This gave it hope.

The United States may well be proud of this project, for it is our most wonderful engineering achievement since the building of the Panama Canal. The Second World War made the need for conservation of soil resources and powers even more necessary. In October, 1940, the War Department asked the T. V. A. to reopen the Muscle Shoals nitrate plant. Created too late to be of any service in World War I, the Tennessee Valley Authority is now able to help in the war against Fascism.

—CONNIE YOUNG

A CERTAIN MEASURE

ELLEN GLASGOW, *Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York*, 1943, \$3.50

None is more qualified to interpret the fiction of Ellen Glasgow than is the author herself. In this book, Miss Glasgow classifies her prose writings under three main headings—Novels of the Commonwealth, Novels of the Country, and Novels of the City—and tells conditions which prompted her to write each book. As she reviews her books, she finds it hard to put herself in the place of the author she was at the time she wrote. That person who conceived the book is dead. She cannot summon back her former self. Her mood, thoughts, attitude, and frame of mind have all undergone drastic changes.

Miss Glasgow writes largely of realistic incidents, using settings and characters with which she is familiar. She deals with the common person, the "poor white", quite frequently. She was content to write of life as she had lived, imagined, or observed it to be. She wrote solely in obedience to some inward pressure, because, though often she dreaded the necessary, she found it more painful, in the end, not to write. The world she had seen wasn't romantic but animated and exciting. Intellectual activity was for her an endless adventure. What troubled Miss Glasgow most as a beginning author was neither material nor point of view, but lack of adequate method. She had no sympathetic teacher, but slowly and with infinite patience, despite her frail health in childhood and early youth, she overcame her problem of technique and felt her way toward better writing.

For a brief interpretation of the fiction of Ellen Glasgow, the attitudes, conditions, and thoughts which prompted her various works, there is perhaps no book that will furnish more valuable aid than will Glasgow's *A Certain Measure* which treats all of her work from *The Battleground* to *In This Our Life*.

—CAROLYN BOBBITT

THE SOULS OF BLACK FOLK

W. E. B. DuBois, A. C. McClung & Co., 1940
\$2.00

SO black folks have souls? Until comparatively recent years, the white man has thought that the black man was only a tool by which he might better accomplish the work which needed to be done. Today, however, the white race is discovering that the Negro is a person—a live and human being with desires, impulses, and ambitions which he would like to express.

We claim that the Negro is free. Was he not freed by the Emancipation Act of 1865? This act relieved him from the bondage of slavery, but it did not give him rights and privileges equal to those of the white man. He is slighted, he has a limited education, and he is pushed into the back seats of buses and trains. In the South he cannot

attend churches and school with the white man. There are numerous other restrictions.

The Negro is supposed not to object to these restrictions. He is said to be too lazy to realize that these are restrictions, but this statement is not true. Many an ambitious Negro has wished to contribute something to mankind only to be restrained by the veil which hangs over him—that veil which tells the world that he is one of the black folk.

The North has become more liberal toward the Negro than the south. There a Negro may go to college and prepare himself to become an educator, a doctor, minister, lawyer, or what not. The Negro does have a soul—a soul that seeks expression. When some Negro youth comes back to the South after having attended a great university and absorbed some of its ideas, he is looked upon with scorn. This hurts the Negro as scorn hurts other persons. He has made a great effort, he has overcome hate and despair, but the temptation of doubt enters his mind because of the humiliations. Can't he, too, be of some use other than that of a cotton laborer is his cry.

"We seldom study the condition of the Negro today honestly and carefully. It is so much easier to assume that we know it all, or perhaps we are loath to have them disturbed by facts, and yet how little we really know of these millions—of their daily lives and longings, of their homely joys and sorrows, of their real short comings and the meaning of their crimes."

—AGNES B. STOKES

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A Carved Box and an Orange Shell

Continued from Page 5

when the girl reached the sea. She walked along the water's edge and watched the foam-tipped waves dance upon the yellow sand and splash against the pink shells. Finally she seated herself upon a gray rock close to the water. The wind blew stronger there. The girl's dress was the color of a

glass of wine held to the light; her eyes were misty and gray, like twilight fogs over tobacco land in spring; her hair was like an autumn leaf, a brown one.

She thought of him. "I wish to be with you," she said, and her eyes and soul gazed across the stretch of moving water, searching for a plane on the horizon. "I wish to be with you."

For a long time the girl sat upon the rock. The evening began to slip away across the sea in answer to an unspoken call. The sun just over the horizon was heavy and yellow, and soon slipped cleanly out of the sky leaving no trace. The shadows hungrily ate up the light, and the beauty and brightness of the day was exchanged for darkness.

With the coming of darkness, odd clouds began to gather in the east. Bumpily, they crept in closer toward the sea, and hung low over the tossing waves as the wind whistled in the distance. The sound was as sad as a train whistle after midnight in a strange city.

The wind pealed in dirge-like tones, and rolled across the sea, moaning to itself. It began to pick up the waves and beat them into foam. After darkness and wind, there came rain. The girl gripped the rock with tightening fingers as the rain rushed to earth and beat into her face. It was in vain that the wind tried to protect her, because she was fated to fall to the lap of the earth.

Soon Death, dressed in a golden fire, burst out the walls of a black cloud, and hurtling to earth, struck down the girl and claimed her for his own. "I'll have you for my own," he said. Death having won in this battle of the elements, the wind and rain

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retreated in shame. The clouds broke apart and moved quickly away, pushed by the force of the wind. By one's and two's the stars broke through the midnight blue. And then the moon appeared—haughty and pale and distant; it was so slim and young and beautiful!

With softness and tenderness the rays of the moon fell and rested upon the delicate beauty upon the beach. "I'll spread my beauty here," it said. The sand was no stiller than the figure upon it. In fact, the sand stole some of the life from the day—Death did not get it all. And now the sand looked warm and alive. And, too, the figure had stolen some of the blueness from the sea. It was just an exchange—not Death at all.

The moon touched with pale gold the girl's still blue hand, and her fingers curled in beauty like a flower ready to open.

A piece of brown-flecked foam rested on the hem of her wine-colored skirt. Her legs and feet were cold, carved stone. The waves lapped softly and pulled and tugged at the brown, outflung hair, bidding and urging it to come and be one with them. "The sea is fun tonight," it said. The waves lathed the figure in coolness, and curled up beside it; the moon bathed the figure in golden glow, and stayed to protect it from all harm.

* * * *

News Items:

April 1, 1944—Daylight bombing raid over Germany yesterday reported successful. Only one bomber failed to return.

Lt. Keith Grayson, distinguished young flyer, was killed in action over Germany in a bombing raid which took place April 1,

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1944. He died a hero. He had three German fighters to his credit and crashed into a fourth. He will be awarded the D. F. C. posthumously.

His plane was the famous L'Oiseau Blanche, named for his fiancee, Blanch Byrd, of Redville, Mass., his hometown. His was the only plane that failed to return from the raid. . . .

Miss Blanch Byrd, of Redville, Mass., was struck by lightning during a sudden storm which came up while she was at the shore yesterday. Miss Byrd is the eighteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jona-

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THE COLONNADE

thon Byrd of that city. . . .

* * * *

A German woodcarver in the black forest sat in his warm workshop and put the finishing touches on a small carved wooden box. He poured warm oil onto the glistening surfaces of the box and rubbed it with a soft cloth. The box had been intricately carved; vines and leaves twined about the sides of the box, and a forest scene was carved on the lid. On the box top a lone deer stood in a clearing, steadily regarding with liquid

eyes a tiny tree growing out of a heap of white ashes.

The woodcarver would sell his box to an American tourist who was staying at a nearby hotel. The tourist had seen the box the day before, and wanted it, thinking it would make a nice souvenir for his small daughter back home in America. When the American came for the box in the morning, the German woodcarver told him the legend of the box.

"This box will bring you good luck, sir", he said. "It is made from the wood of a tree that grew up on the exact center of the spot where an American flyer crashed and was burned in the last war, forty-one years ago. His soul is present in this wood that grew from his ashes. Take it, and good luck, sir."

When the American reached his home in Redville, Mass., he presented the beautifully carved box to his small daughter. She was delighted.

"Oh, I shall keep it always," she said.

Going to her room, she placed it on the bureau. She opened a drawer in the bureau and took out a tiny orange-colored shell. It was a beautifully wrought wonder of nature. She had found the shell while digging in the sand on the beach one day, and she prized it greatly for its beauty.

"Mother said it came from the very place where Mrs. Byrd's granddaughter was killed by lightning forty-one years ago. You two are so beautiful, you somehow seem to belong together," she said, as she placed the orange shell within the carved box and closed the lid.

And so, at last the two are together—Keith the flyer of so long ago, and his sweetheart, Blanch. What matter if they are in the form of a box of wood, and a shell from the sand?—they are together!

In the dark of the night, even now if you listen, you can hear the shell still whispering to the box, as pale moonlight floods the table by the window where the box is placed.

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Cherabim and Seraphim

Continued from Page 13

her way, and Martha called to the children, "All right, young uns, let's get going!" They had completely forgotten their mother; who dropped into a chair, relieved for the moment.

Peering through the windows, Martha noticed that the Inn was full tonight, and peering a little closer she also noticed that they were not having spaghetti. With a little added courage, she pushed open the door to admit her avalanche of noisy, scrambling tots. Expecting the meal chatter to be loud enough to cover the children's noise, Martha was surprised at the dignified silence that filled the place. Their entrance was made twice as noticeable. She dared not look around, but headed straight for the nearest table.

After the children were seated and somewhat calmed, Martha let out a thankful sigh. Then the waiter came hurrying over to warn her that Mrs. Fowkes always took the longer table, so she could watch both children seated side by side. Martha pulled herself up slowly, realizing from past experience that Gordy's stubbornness would be no easy matter to content with this time.

"The waiter said we must move, children. Are you ready?" Gordy sat, holding his silverware in his two small fists.

"Don't want to move," he said stubbornly.

"Me don't want to move neither," chirped Joan uncompromisingly.

"Well, we've got to move," Martha said through clenched teeth. "Come now, Joan," she said tugging at the small arms. But she let them go immediately as the children began to emit loud cries of protest. Martha walked around to Gordy and attempted to touch him, but he pulled away, kicking his legs toward her. She grabbed his feet and raised her voice, "Now, listen here, young

man, we're going—." With a swerve of his hand, Gordy sent the ash tray crashing to the floor. Martha bit her trembling lips and looked up to face the crowded room. Her eyes did not travel far before they met familiar ones. Martha realized that she was staring at the Reverend Mr. Townsend. Blushing furiously, she knelt down to brush together the smattered pieces of glass.

It was not hard, after the incident to move the bewildered children to another table. Martha tried to concentrate on feeding them. "Oh, he must think that I am not capable of handling children—that I would make an awful mother." These thoughts kept running through her mind. "Why doesn't he go, before something else happens?"

Though the table was filled with remnants of their supper, Martha felt that she had done a pretty good job of filling the children. Still, she did not eagerly anticipate the waiting period between supper and dessert. It was not easy trying to keep the children interested, as well as seated at the table.

There was a pile of paper napkins stacked in a corner nick-nack stand just above Gordy's head. Martha caught Gordy's

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glance toward the inviting napkins, and reached his chair in time to be surrounded by a blizzard of three-cornered paper snowflakes. Once more humiliated, she dropped to her knees and gathered the napkins together. Then in a sudden desire to escape, she put the crumpled bills on the table, grabbed the children's hands, and stumbled toward the door.

The children were tired enough from the exciting experience to fall asleep immediately. Martha waited in the dim nursery until their breathing became an even hum. Then she crept out of the room. Sighing deeply, she sank exhausted into the nearest chair. Tears filled her eyes as she recalled the events of the past few hours, but her tears had not yet begun to flow, when she was startled by the door bell's ringing. Jumping up, she quickly dried her eyes and made her way to the door. Neither the hall light nor the porch light was on. The caller was not visible to her, and he thought her to be Mrs. Fowkes. Martha invited him into the living room, and turning on the light, she was not prepared to find the Reverend Mr. Townsend.

Seeing her confusion, he explained, "You see, Miss Stuart, I haven't called on my new parishioners as yet, and I did expect to find both Captain and Mrs. Fowkes home tonight." The situation was becoming less strained, and Martha offered him a chair. "Then you didn't know that those were Mrs. Fowkes' children that I was caring for tonight?" she queried.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "They've been to Sunday School, you know. And they are one big handful." They laughed together, and Martha began to tell tales "out of Sunday School" about the children, and the young minister told about similar experiences he had had.

Time flew so swiftly that they were startled when the clock struck twelve. At the door the Reverend Mr. Townsend shook her hand and lingered a moment to say, "Good night, Miss Martha, we must talk together again. By the way could you stop by the Rectory tomorrow night for some Sunday School material?" Martha nodded, her throat too full to voice any sounds. She closed the door and tip-toed toward the nur-

sery.

Inside the sweet-smelling room, she went to Joan's crib and kissed her damp forehead. Then she crossed to Gordy's bed. She knelt beside the sleeping form and fingered his blond curls. Then standing there in the soft dimness, she whispered, "Oh, you darling angels!"

Mail Call

Continued from Page 10

Holyrood House, a palace one mile from the Castle. You may have heard of Edinburgh's "Royal Mile"; this is High Street which runs from the Castle to Holyrood House. Mary, Queen of Scots, lived most of the time at Holyrood House where she had her tete-a-tete with her secretary, an Italian named Rizzio and which secretary her husband Lord Barnby (or something) had murdered in Mary's sitting room. We saw the very spot, where they have a bronze plate. Our guide pointed out that there were twenty-four stabs in 'im, but that all were glad that none of the stabs landed in the tapestries which cover the walls. These tapestries are very old and still hang there. We crawled around the small room in the palace, winded down Mary's secret staircase, saw the ruins of the abbey next to it, and all in all I thought Holyrood House was an extremely fascinating place.

• • • •

Although what I saw of Scotland (I didn't hit the Highlands, yet, remember) was not as picturesque, nor the towns as quaint or flowery as Southern England, I do think the people are a healthy and good looking bunch and are hard workers. The

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city of Edinburgh has a clean and friendly atmosphere, and many stores and book shops. The Scottish tartans (plaids to you) are romantic when the historic clans are remembered, and the cashmire scarfs are honeys. The three home town boys who did right by their pappies are John Knox (who founded Presbyterianism, Sir Walter Scott (who built an enormous palace and went broke doing it), and Robert Louis Stevenson (who visited Portsmouth Square and laid on the goodly grass of Portsmouth Square).

* * * * *

From aboard ship in the South Pacific . . .

The cockroach birthrate aboard for the last month has risen to heights never attained, as our language attests! They've started handing out clean clothes the minute I open my locker now; in fact they're all over the place. It's a trifle disgusting when you're dozing off to sleep at night and a big granddaddy drops off on your back and does a two-step up and down your backbone. Every now and then one drops off the overhead into the pudding on the galley range—a problem which is easily and smoothly

solved by throwing in a handful of raisins. Nobody knows the difference! If we can train 'em to carry shells up from the magazine we can start fighting the Japs again. Until then we're battling against heavy odds—the 1st, 8th., and 10th., Cockroach Armored Divisions. So much for the Fifth Column activities.

"We'll Meet Again"

Continued from Page 7

Army for a year and a half now. Can't say I love it, but it really isn't so bad and I wouldn't have it any other way. Oh, I'm not trying to be patriotic or noble, but I do feel - - -"

"I know just how you feel," Ellen interrupted, "and I'd feel the same way if I were a man." She rattled on and on, hardly looking up and then as she did. She could tell that he wasn't even listening by his expression, well, maybe he was with one ear, but he was noticing for the first time how blue her eyes were and how her hair curled around her forehead when she got excited.

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"How about a walk around the park and then I'll take you home?" he was saying. This time she wasn't listening. She was noticing how serious his eyes were one minute and how gay the next, and the strong lines of his face.

They walked around the park, two, three, maybe four times. They talked and talked, about each other's lives, the war, and the future. It was funny how it was so easy for two strangers to talk to each other.

"I haven't been home in nine months," Tom said. "Sure would like to see the old place once more. Say Ellen, how about dinner and a movie? Oh, I know, it isn't customary to meet a boy on the street and go right out with him, but - - -"

"Of course it isn't, Tom, but I'd love it."

They ate at a quiet little place and talked some more. Then they went to a movie and Ellen laughed until she cried. She hated for the movie to end because then she would have to go home and they would have to be

separated, probably never to meet again.

"Well, Ellen, this night has meant more to me than you could ever know. I was feeling pretty low 'til I found you today. But now I feel as if I could go out and lick all the Japs. You're a great morale builder, you know." Ellen laughed because she did not know what to say. She had such a peculiar feeling, sort of happy, sort of sad.

"I'll see you again?" she said.

I'm going to pray for that tonight," he said. He looked at her another short minute, then turned and walked away quickly, never looking back.

Ellen waited and waited but the 'phone never rang. Weeks went by and then one day a letter came, a large, white envelope with her name sprawled across it. She caught her breath and tore it open, seeing his name. Then she stopped, her eyes blurred and she read the return address. "In care of Postmaster, New York, New York."

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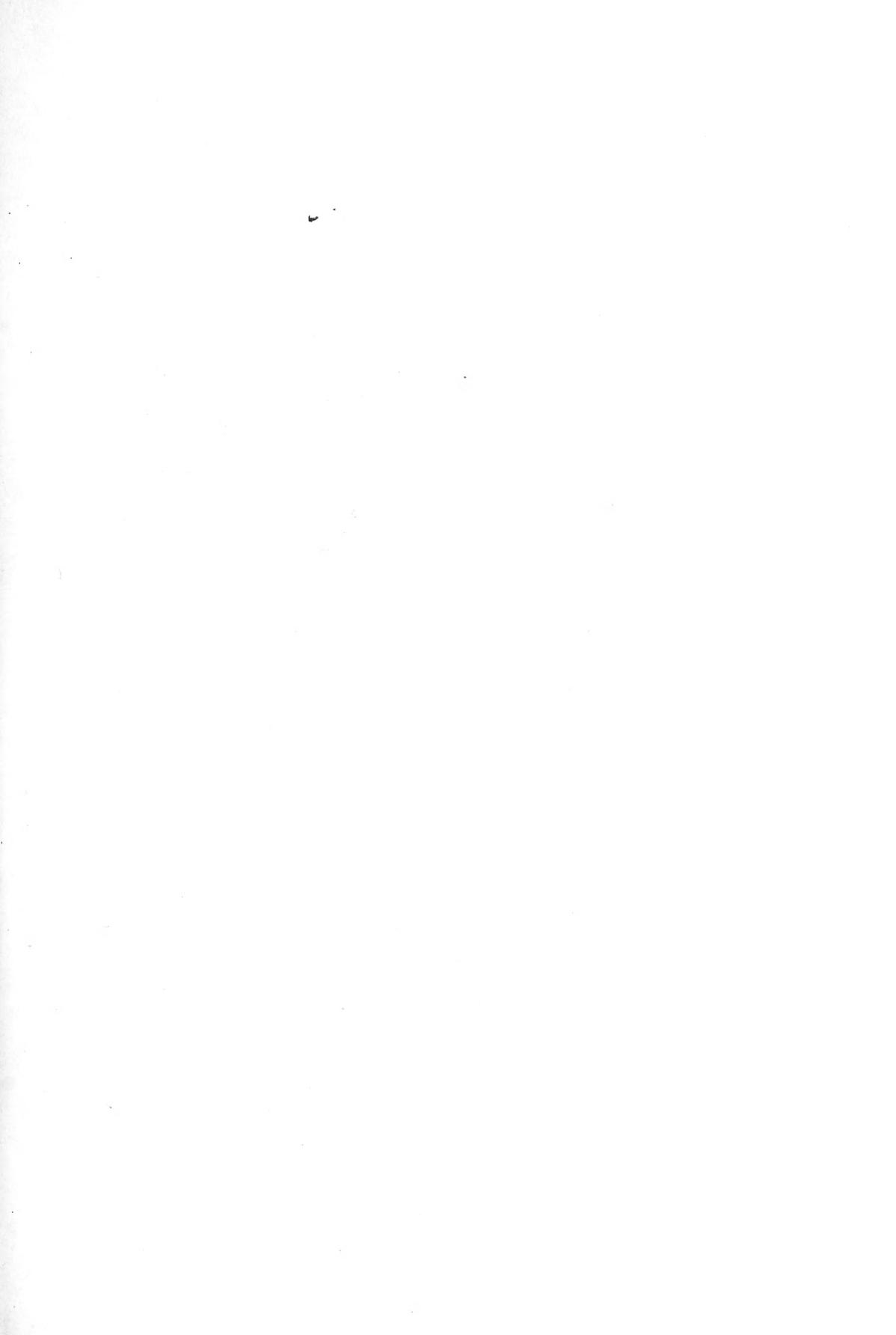


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